

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12c

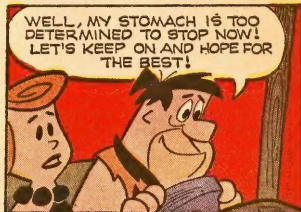
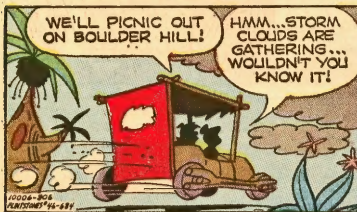
HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

10006-806

JUNE





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BUT...

THE BEST IS TURNING OUT
FOR THE WORST, FRED!

DON'T WASTE
TIME TALKING
(CHOMP-CHOMP)
...EAT!

RUMBLE!



EEK! A CLOUD-
BURST!!



C'MON...HEAD
FOR COVER!

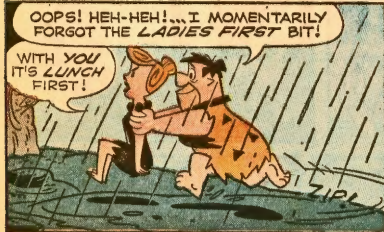


FRED!!



OOPS! HEH-HEH!... I MOMENTARILY
FORGOT THE *LADIES FIRST* BIT!

WITH *YOU*!
IT'S LUNCH
FIRST!



WE'LL KEEP DRY UNDER
THIS TREE!

SURE! BUT
HOW LONG
WILL WE BE
STUCK HERE?

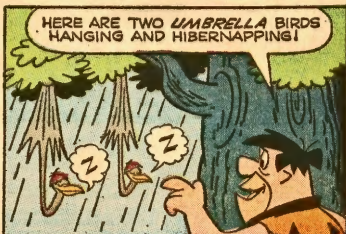


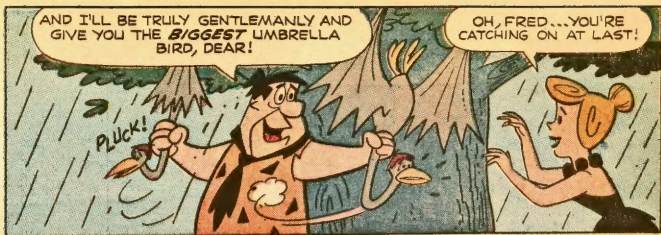
IF WE ONLY HAD AN *UMBRELLA*
SO WE COULD GET TO OUR CAR
AND GO HOME!

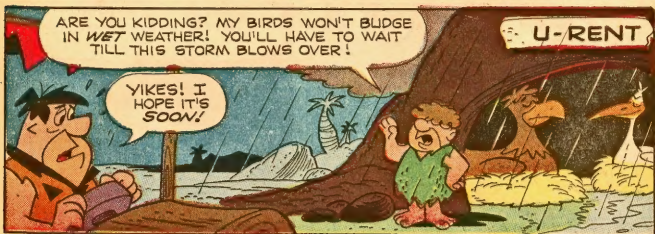
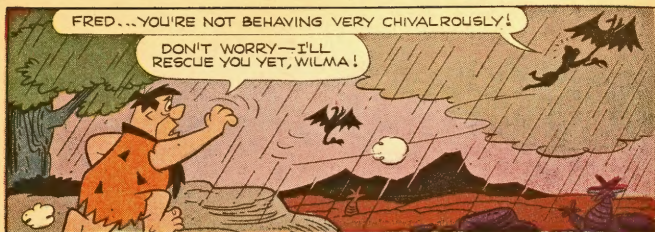
HEY...HERE'S THE
NEXT BEST THING,
WILMA!



HERE ARE TWO *UMBRELLA* BIRDS
HANGING AND HIBERNAPPING!

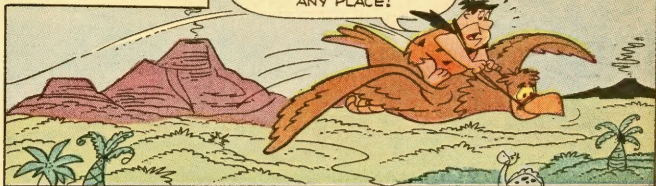






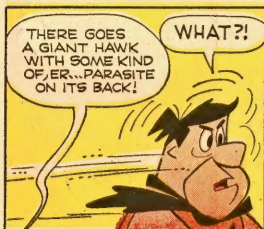
BUT FRED SEARCHES
HIGH AND LOW, AND...

NO SIGN OF WILMA
AND THAT UMBRELLA BIRD
ANY PLACE!



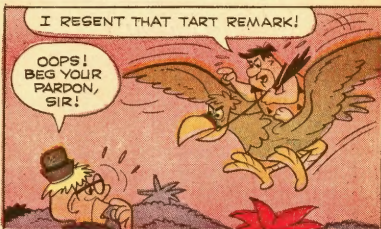
THERE GOES
A GIANT HAWK
WITH SOME KIND
OF, ER... PARASITE
ON ITS BACK!

WHAT?!



I RESENT THAT TART REMARK!

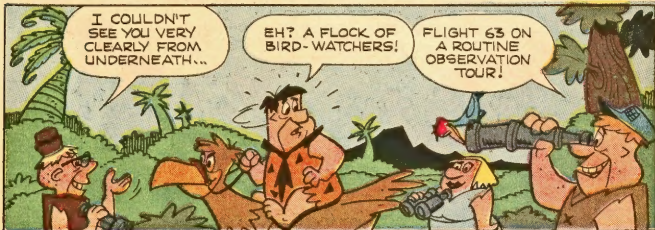
OOPS!
BEG YOUR
PARDON,
SIR!



I COULDN'T
SEE YOU VERY
CLEARLY FROM
UNDERNEATH...

EH? A FLOCK OF
BIRD-WATCHERS!

FLIGHT 63 ON
A ROUTINE
OBSERVATION
TOUR!

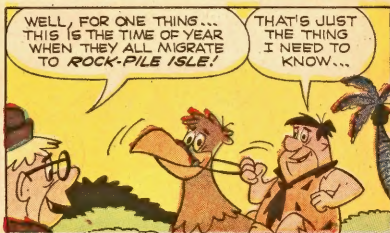


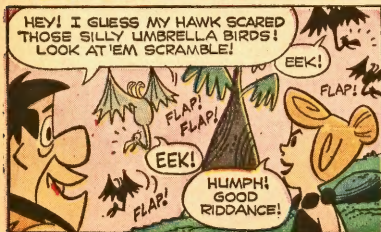
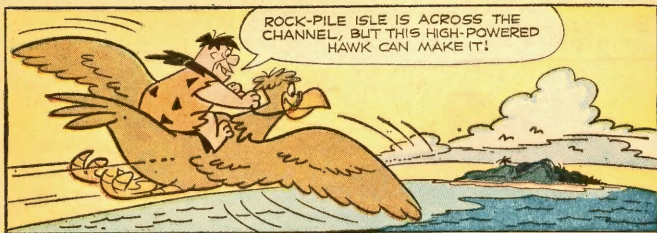
SAY... MAYBE YOU BIRDS...
I MEAN, FOLKS, COULD TELL
ME SOMETHING ABOUT THE
HABITS OF THE
UMBRELLA BIRD!

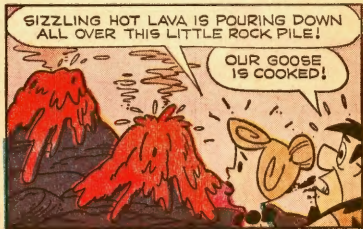
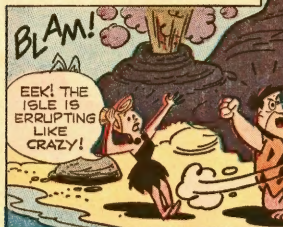


WELL, FOR ONE THING...
THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR
WHEN THEY ALL MIGRATE
TO *ROCK-PILE ISLE!*

THAT'S JUST
THE THING
I NEED TO
KNOW...

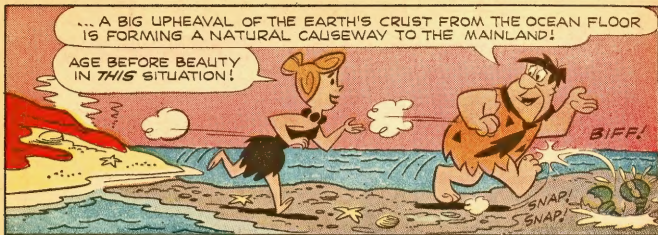






... A BIG UPHEAVAL OF THE EARTH'S CRUST FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR IS FORMING A NATURAL CAUSEWAY TO THE MAINLAND!

AGE BEFORE BEAUTY IN *THIS* SITUATION!



... AND, FRED... I GUESS I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY FOR ALL MY NAGGING ABOUT LADIES FIRST!

AW, FORGET IT, WILMA!



I'M GONNA TREAT YOU A LOT NICER STARTING NOW! IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN SO I'M GETTING YOU AN UMBRELLA BIRD WITH A SAFETY ATTACHMENT!



AND SO...

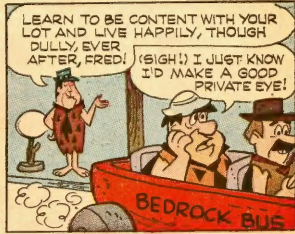
UGH! SOME SAFETY DEVICE YOU GOT, FRED! IT TAKES A WEIGHT LIFTER TO CARRY IT!

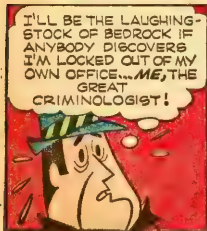
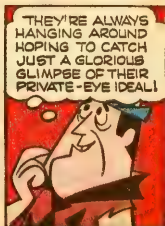
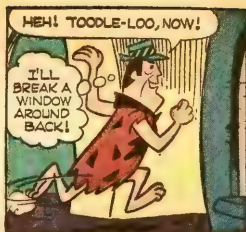


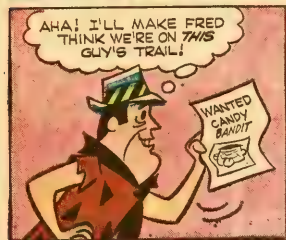
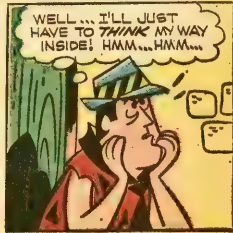
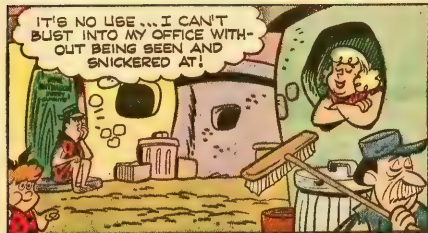
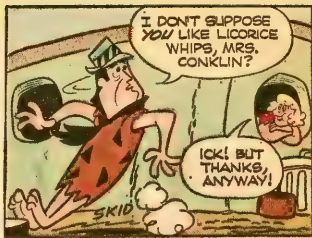
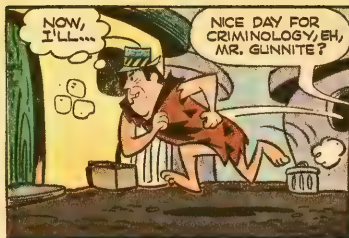
Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

PRIVATE-EYE-YI-YI







SHORTLY...

FRED, CAN YOU TAKE
SOME TIME OFF TO HELP
ME ON A CASE?

ROCKBED
QUARRY

YOU, THE
LONE-EYE,
NEED HELP?

I-I'M WEARY FROM
OVERWORK! PLEASE HELP ME!

YAHOO! YOU
TALKED ME INTO
IT, PERRY!

SO...

THE CANDY
BANDIT HAS
JUST STRUCK
AGAIN!

HEY... I'VE HEARD OF
HIM... HE ROBS CANDY
STORES OF BOTH THEIR
DOUGH AND THEIR
SWEETS!

KRUNCH CANDY
SHOPPE

LOOK AROUND OUT HERE
FOR CLUES, FRED! ER... MY
EYES ARE TIRED!

CLUES...
CLUES...

HEY... LOOK... A TRAIL OF GUMDROPS GOING DOWN THE ALLEY!

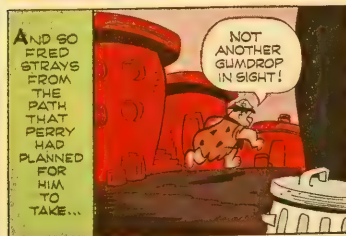
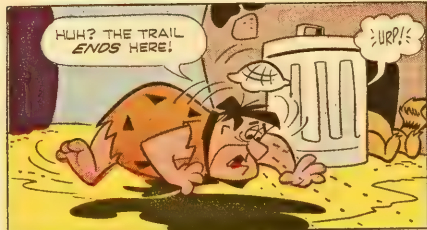
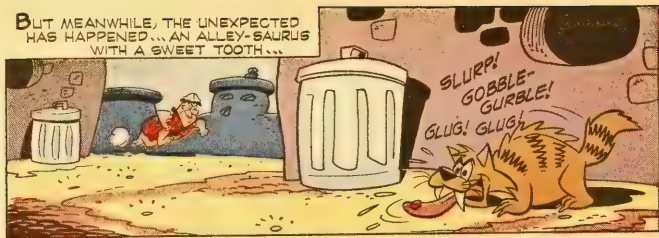
AFTER HIM, FRED!
ER... I'LL FOLLOW WITH
MY TIRED FEET!

... AND WHEN YOU GET TO HIS
HIDEOUT... **BASH DOWN THE DOOR**
AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!

AYE, AYE,
PERRY
PAL!

YAK! AFTER HE BASHES
DOWN MY DOOR, I'LL SCOLD
HIM FOR MAKING A STUPID
MISTAKE! HEH... THIS
SHOULD ALSO CURE HIM
OF WANTING TO
BE MY HELPER!

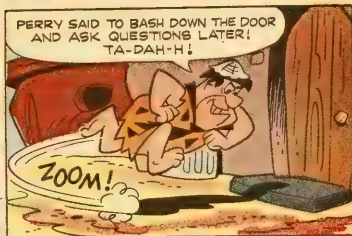
BUT MEANWHILE, THE UNEXPECTED
HAS HAPPENED... AN ALLEY-SAURUS
WITH A SWEET TOOTH...



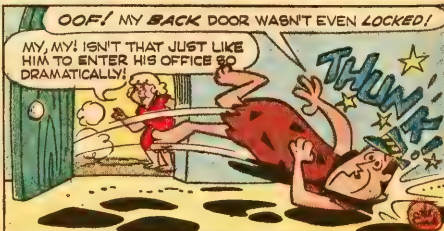
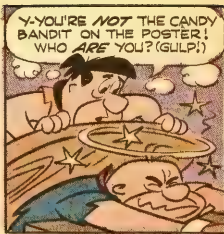
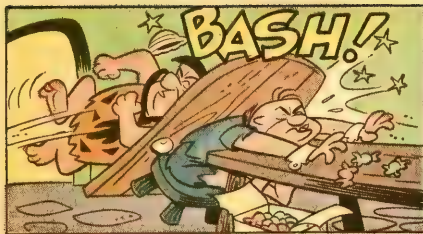
AND SO
FRED
STRAYS
FROM
THE
PATH
THAT
PERRY
HAD
PLANNED
FOR
HIM
TO
TAKE...



THIS MUST BE THE
CANDY BANDIT'S
HIDEOUT!



ZOOM!





Reader's Page ANIMALS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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MOUNTAIN LION



Scott Reyell
Schenectady, New York

KANGAROO



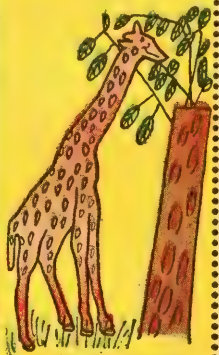
Frank Horton
Cincinnati, Ohio

KITTEN



Michael Kazmer
Detroit, Michigan

GIRAFFE



David Lanning
Dalton, Georgia

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WORLD WAR I FIGHTERS



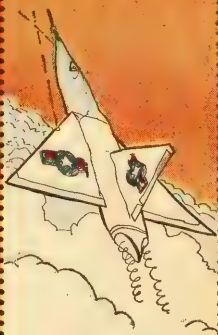
Charles Jose Jones
Memphis, Tennessee

CIERUA'S AUTOGIRO



Frank MacIntosh
Palatine, Illinois

F-102 CONSOLIDATED VULTEE



Dennis Regan
Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin

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JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: What is the difference between a running man and a running dog?

Answer: The man wears trousers and the dog pants.

Patrick Bragg—Chicago, Illinois

Duane: Where should a dressmaker make her shop?

Marlene: On the outskirts of the city.

Scott Hannah—Troy, Ohio

Riddle: Why can't a bike stand up by itself?

Answer: Because it's two-tired!

Terry Deal—Arlville, Pennsylvania

Riddle: Why does the rain pour down in sheets?

Answer: To cover the river bed.

Ricky Largin—Birmingham, Alabama

Customer: When I bought this cat you told me he was good for mice. He doesn't go near them.

Clerk: Well, isn't that good for mice?

Vincent Maiello—Bronx, New York

Mother: What does that zero on your report card mean?

Son: That's no zero. The teacher ran out of stars, so she gave me a moon.

Sandra L. Kay—Parkersburg, West Virginia

Riddle: What day of the year is a command to go forward?

Answer: March fourth.

Pamela Middleton—Albany, New York

Man: I'd like a round-trip ticket to the moon.
Ticket Seller: Sorry, sir, the moon's full right now.

Dominic Fulco III—East Hartford, Connecticut

Riddle: Why is the rooster always so neat?

Answer: Because he always has his comb with him.

Karen Statezny—Union Grove, Wisconsin

Riddle: If a carrot and cabbage had a race, which would win?

Answer: The cabbage, because it's a head.

Jean Hourihan—Uxbridge, Massachusetts

Tom: I fell out of a ten-foot tree today.

Harry: Were you hurt?

Tom: No, I just fell three feet.

Gwen Bryant—Aliceville, Alabama

Lady (standing in the middle of a busy street):

Officer, can you tell me how to get to the hospital?

Officer: Just stand where you are.

James D. Rickard—Florence, Alabama

Riddle: During what month do people talk the least?

Answer: February.— the shortest month of the year.

Jody Knoell—Lewellen, Nebraska

Riddle: What is a wisecracker?

Answer: A smart cookie.

Linda Caspary—Fremont, California

Riddle: Why is a policeman the the strongest man in the world?

Answer: Because he can hold up cars with one hand.

Cathy Rose—Oakland, California

Riddle: Why is a cookbook exciting?

Answer: It has some stirring pages.

Gerald Romanzin—Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Judge: Have you ever been up before me?

Prisoner: I don't know. What time do you get up?

Jerry Prock—Wiburton, Oklahoma

Riddle: Why did the farmer feed his cow money?

Answer: To have rich milk.

Roberta Greenwell—Clearlake Highlands, California

Riddle: What did the beaver say to the tree?

Answer: It was nice gnawing you.

Ricky Fleeheart—Bellevue, Washington

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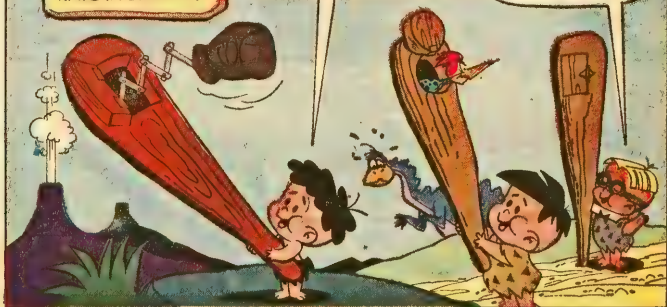
Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

THE VANISHING TREE

PROGRESS IS
PROGRESSING
AT AN AMAZING
RATE IN BEDROCK...

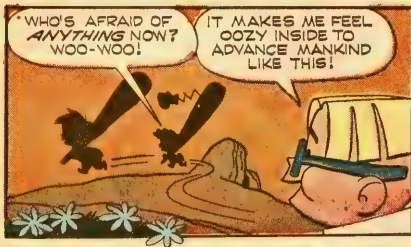
AUTOMATIC WEAPONS?
WOW! YOU'RE A GENIUS,
IZZY EINSTONE!

YOU NEED
FEAR NEITHER
MAN NOR SAURUS
NOW, CHUMS!



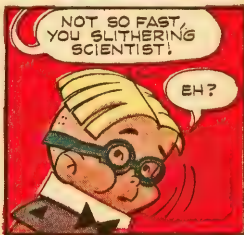
WHO'S AFRAID OF
ANYTHING NOW?
WOO-WOO!

IT MAKES ME FEEL
OOZY INSIDE TO
ADVANCE MANKIND
LIKE THIS!



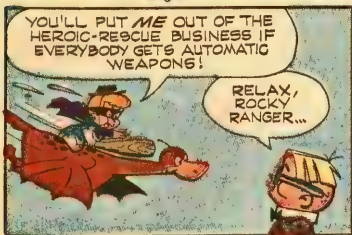
NOT SO FAST,
YOU SLITHERING
SCIENTIST!

EH?



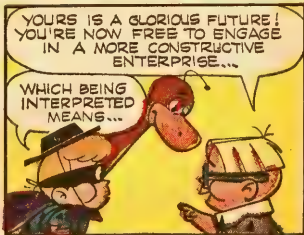
YOU'LL PUT *ME* OUT OF THE
HEROIC-RESCUE BUSINESS IF
EVERYBODY GETS AUTOMATIC
WEAPONS!

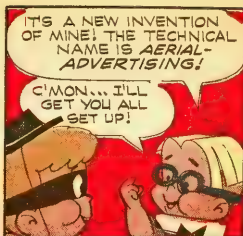
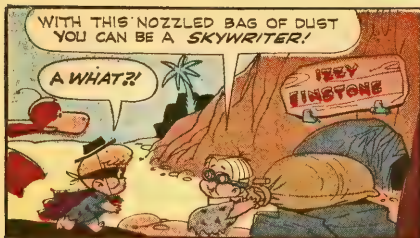
RELAX,
ROCKY
RANGER...

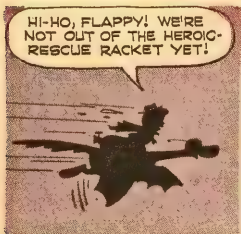
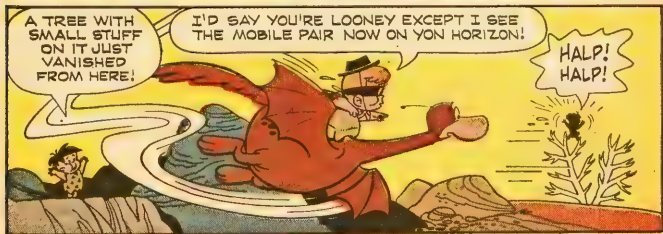
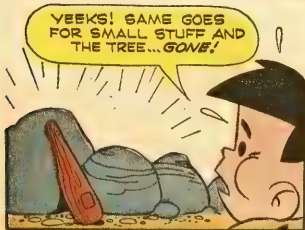
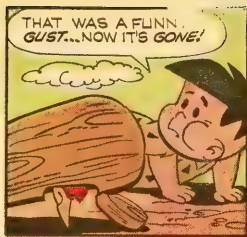
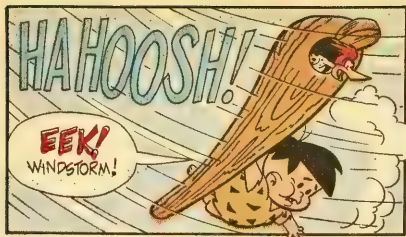


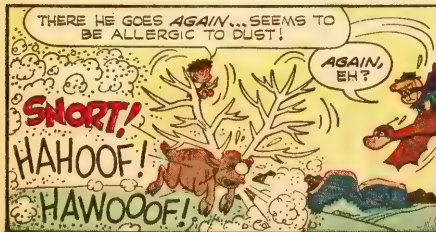
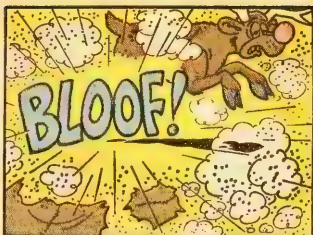
YOURS IS A GLORIOUS FUTURE!
YOU'RE NOW FREE TO ENGAGE
IN A MORE CONSTRUCTIVE
ENTERPRISE...

WHICH BEING
INTERPRETED
MEANS...

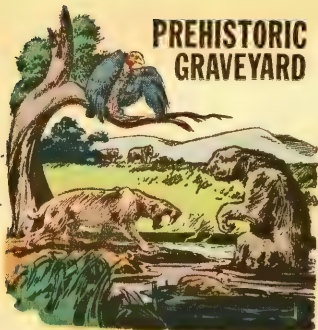








PREHISTORIC GRAVEYARD



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Facing one of the longest, most fashionable, and most famous streets in the world, Wilshire Boulevard, in Los Angeles, California, lies a five hundred thousand-year-old graveyard of the prehistoric animal kingdom. Here have been found the skeletal remains of monstrous beasts who literally paid with their lives for a drink of water.

Known as Rancho La Brea, or the La Brea Tar Pits, this small fossil-bearing area, only a few city blocks square, has yielded up to science the largest collection of extinct creatures in the world.

In the days before man inhabited the world, giant mammals roamed the earth. From the mountains surrounding Rancho La Brea, they looked down upon what appeared to be an oasis in a vast desert. They saw pools shimmering in the sunlight, and believing they had found water to drink, they rushed toward it in vast herds and packs.

When they reached the pools in the lowlands, these lumbering beasts did not realize that the bubbles they saw were created by gases, that the rainbowlike colors resulted from the reflection of the sun on oil, and that a pit of tar thrust deep into the ground. Only the thinnest layer of water covered the surface.

But the beasts were thirsty, and they had come a long way for a drink. Some plunged in to cool themselves as they drank; others stepped in more warily, first one foot and then another. Regardless, all were trapped,

sucked into the thick tar as if into quicksand.

Bellows of fear and anguish filled the air as these doomed creatures struggled to escape. Other predatory birds and beasts heard the screams and hastened to the scene to feast on their unfortunate fellows. They, too, fell victim to the pits of tar, some dragged down by their battling prey, others doomed to flounder alongside their trapped brothers.

When, in 1875, a project for the mining of asphalt deposits in Rancho La Brea was started, the tooth of a saber-toothed cat was unearthed. This discovery led to further exploration. No bodies were found, but the bones of thousands of extinct Ice Age creatures were exhumed and transferred to a museum, there to be laboriously reassembled into complete skeletons.

One pit was found to contain the bones of an entire herd of Imperial mammoths. Another pit yielded the skulls of almost two hundred huge, fierce predatory wolves. Also found were the bones of giant ground sloths, mastodons, prehistoric camels, bison, and so many other birds and beasts that a complete record of the entire prehistoric animal kingdom was furnished.

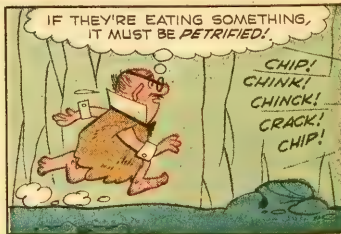
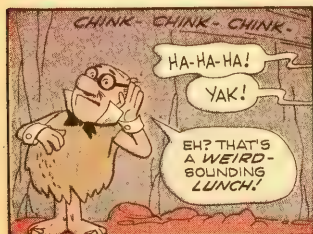
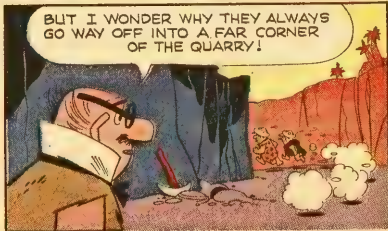
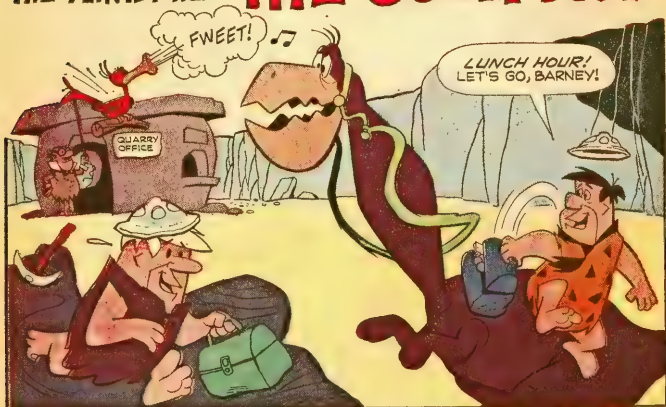
The discovery of Rancho La Brea dates back to 1769, when Gaspar de Portolá, the first white man to set foot on the territory which later became the city of Los Angeles, headed an expedition of Spanish explorers. It is believed that the existence of the tar pits was also known to early Indian residents of the area, who came there to gather the pitch to use for waterproofing their canoes.

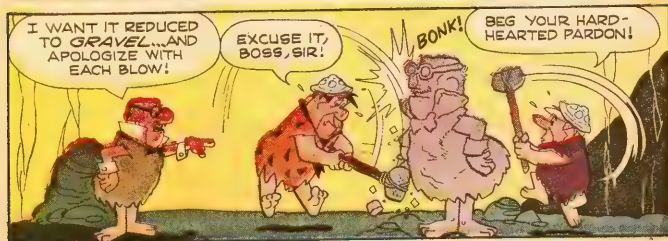
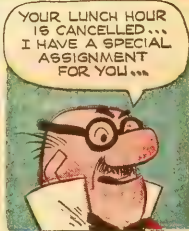
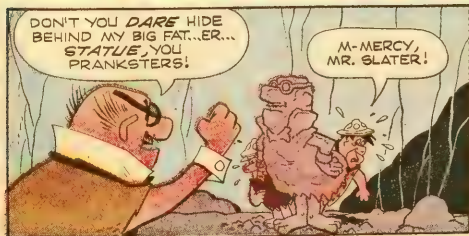
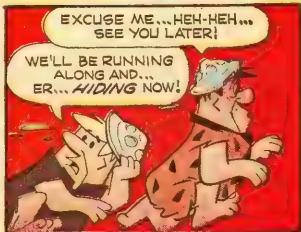
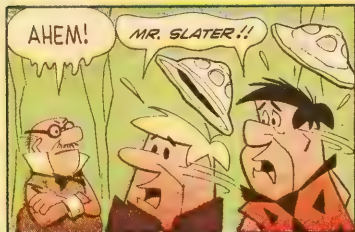
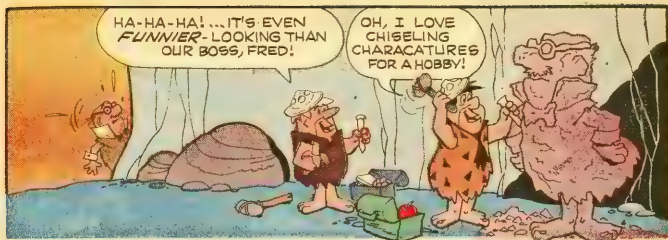
Today, the La Brea Tar Pits are ringed by lush green lawns and paved paths; and tall, leafy trees shade the parklike area. Guard rails protect visitors from the fate of the prehistoric animals, but still the seething gases and the shimmering surface of the tar pits have an attraction for some of the smaller animals and birds. And, occasionally, one may become trapped in the tar, as was his ancestor of old.

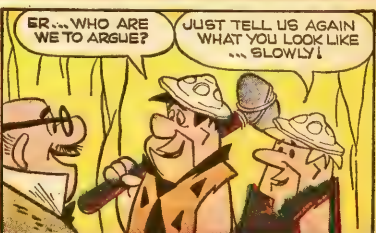
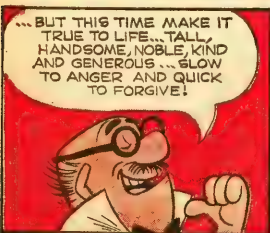
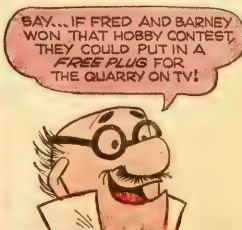
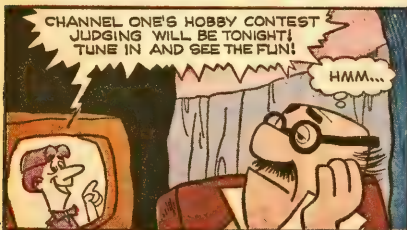
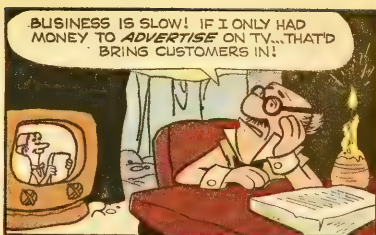
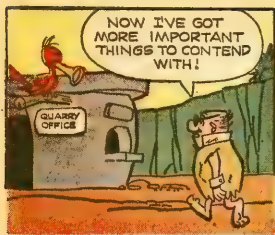
As one gazes into the bubbling blackness of the Rancho La Brea Tar Pits, five hundred thousand years of life on this earth seem to fade, except that the roar of the doomed prehistoric beasts has given way to the roar of modern traffic.

Hanna-Barbera!

THE FLINTSTONES THE SCULPTOR







AND
LATER...

BEAUTIFUL!
I'LL HAVE IT
HAULED TO
THE TV
CONTEST
STUDIO NOW!

ER...
BETTER BE
CAREFUL...
IT'S *TOP*
HEAVY
...FOR
OBVIOUS
REASONS!

... AND FRED... WHEN YOU WIN
THE HOBBY CONTEST BE SURE
TO PUT IN A GOOD WORD
FOR THE QUARRY!

SURE,
BOGS!

I'LL WATCH THE
WHOLE THING ON
TV IN MY OFFICE!

BYE-
BYE,
BOGS!

AND SO, THE
HOUR OF
JUDGEMENT
ARRIVES...

HERE
THEY COME,
BARNEY!

EVERYTHING'S
IN TIP-TOP
SHAPE!

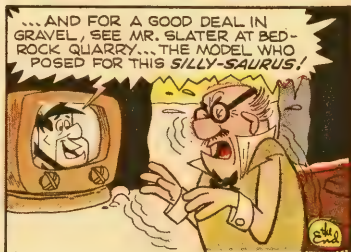
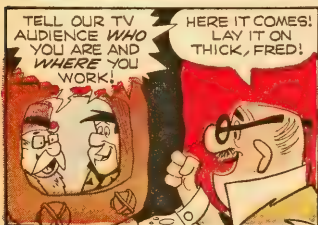
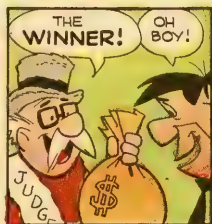
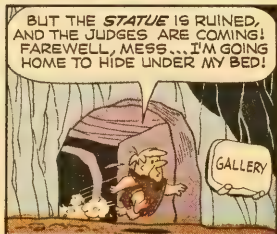
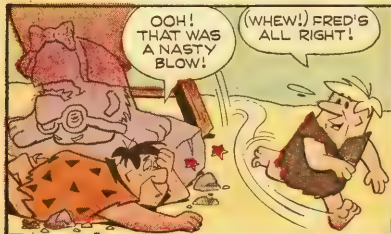
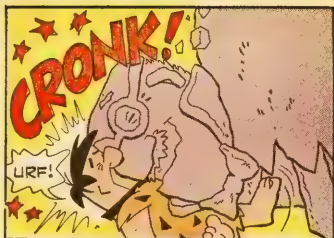
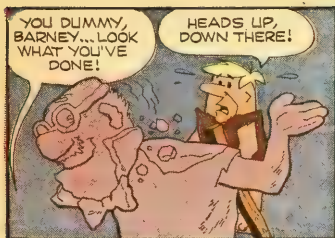
HEY... GET OFF MR.
SLATER'S DOME, YOU
INSECTPEST!

ZZT!
WHAP!

MISSSED!

CRACK!

OH, NO!



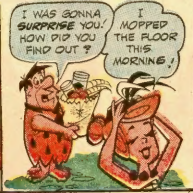
THE FLINTSTONES



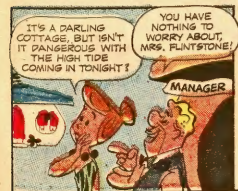
THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



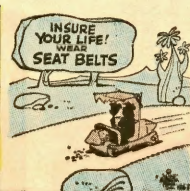
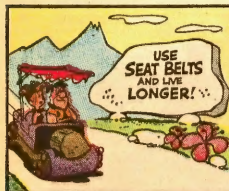
THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES

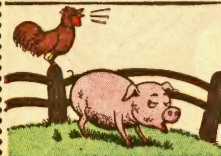


THE FLINTSTONES





MINI-COMICS



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DINOSAURIA

IGUANODON



Loping across the European continent of a hundred million years ago, the iguanodon was a harmless plant-eating dinosaur, despite its stern appearance. Standing about eighteen feet high and measuring over thirty feet long, it advanced with hops on its powerful hindlegs, although it could move on all fours. The iguanodon's strong, long tail could serve as a lashing weapon, or a counterbalance as it made a short gallop on its hindlegs. Its name means "iguana tooth" as its teeth resemble those of a giant iguana.



Living mainly on twigs of pine trees, the iguanodon used its long tongue to draw down its food, much as a giraffe does.



The iguanodon's small forelegs had five digits, with the thumb shaped into a sharp spine it could use for defending itself.